

folks were all on the subject of missions. The object of the meeting was fourfold, first to promote Christian culture or spiritual growth, second, to gather information on missions also to secure new members for the new Society and lastly to take up a free will offering for the Theological fund.

It was my privilege to attend the meeting of the Hagerstown sisters Thursday afternoon at Sister Jackson's. They were seeking to know in what way they as a body might do the most for the church, and decided to work for the Sunday school mainly by gathering up new scholars. They still contribute to the Washington mission. This afternoon, Saturday, I meet with the St. James sisters whose society a few months ago bloomed into an S. S. C. E.

I close with an appeal, not for silver and gold, but for contributions of helpful thoughts for these columns. Our Editor has been patient with the irregular contributions since Conference, until it became necessary to drop the department out. Sisters, can we not give him the assurance of a weekly remembrance of the S. S. C. E. columns. I enjoy writing each week when in the field, but otherwise I cannot be expected to contribute except occasionally. This is then especially your time to write. If there is nothing helpful to report from your local society, then write on some phase of S. S. C. E. work or on any other practical theme burning in your soul.

As always I pray the blessing of God to increase our riches in Christ Jesus.

VIANNA DETWILER,

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Christian Life

Cleanse Thou Me From Secret Faults

From self-deception, save us, Lord,
And lead us by thy faithful word.
O to our soul the power impart
To see as Jesus sees, our heart,
Lest we with Pharisaic pride
And self-esteem be satisfied.

Not as our neighbor sees, would we,
Thru his defective eyesight, see
What in ourselves appears to him
The cravings of some selfish whim,
When we indeed, with all our might,
Nobly defend the truth and right:
Neither his eyesight nor our own
Can penetrate a heart of stone.

Lord, let Thy word a mirror be
Wherein my soul may look, and see
Itself, as God sees from above,
And know and feel that God is love.

—Selected.

A NEW HEART MAKES A NEW WORLD.

J. R. MILLER.

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan introduces his little book, *All Things New*, with a pleasing incident. A young man who had recently accepted Christ was walking in a garden with a friend. Stooping, he plucked a leaf from a nasturtium plant, and laying it in his friend's hand, he said, "Isn't that beautiful? I never knew how beautiful every

leaf was until I gave myself to Christ." The world had all become new to him because he had a new joy in his heart. He saw every thing now in the light of the new sentiment which pervaded and dominated his life.

We get a secret here which is well remembering. When the heart is aglow with love for Christ the glow touches everything with its own radiance. We look upon the world then as belonging to Christ. He made it. The beauty we see everywhere, his hands fashioned. Jesus himself told us that our Father clothes the lilies. When we look upon the exquisite loveliness of the flowers which bloom everywhere in summer days, and remember that God gave them their wondrous adornment, put the tints into the petals with his own fingers, cold his the heart that is not warmed by the sentiment. It adds a new charm and oft times inestimable value to a little picture or a piece of embroidery, to remember that a sainted mother's hands made it. And if we could always remember of the things we see in nature, that God's hands made them, we should find loveliness in even a weed.

But it was not only, nor primarily, the thought that Christ had made the nasturtium leaf that gave it such beauty to the young man; it was the new gladness that the peace of God had started in his own breast. St. Paul says, in one of his epistles, "If any man is in Christ, he is a new creature: the old things are passed away; behold, they are become new." A Christian is a new man—he is born again, born from above, born of the spirit. It is the same, in a sense as if a heavenly habitant had come down to live in this world. He has begun to breathe the atmosphere of heaven.

A story tells of a fisherman's hut which was changed to silver, walls and floors and windows and doors and furniture, by a mysterious little silver lamp that was brought into it. Such a change is it that takes place in a worldly person when the lamp of God's love begins to burn in his heart. Not only is the life itself made new,—with new motives, new principles, new dispositions, new affections, but all things outside become new also there is no change in the world itself. They are the same hills, the same valleys, the same gardens, the same trees and flowers, that we look upon, but new eyes now see them and they appear in new beauty and glory.

The truth suggested here has very wide application. Our heart makes our world. If the bird of peace sings within us all the forests and all the skies are full of song. Wherever we go we find light because the light shines out through our own windows and brightens everything before our eyes. There is a fable which tells that a burning torch and a piece of black charcoal were sent out to see what they could find in the great world. They went everywhere, and when at length they returned, the torch reported that it had found brightness wherever it had gone. The dark ember told a mournful story of its tour,

that wherever it went it found nothing but gloom and shadow. Each found just what it was prepared to find. It is so with men and women. Those who are happy hearted discover happy hearts everywhere. Those with beauty in their soul see beauty in every thing.

Some people say this is a cold world. Others say it is full of the warmth of love. Some tell you that there is no gratitude anywhere, that all men are selfish and ungrateful, that everybody lives for himself. Others speak with glowing interest and enthusiasm of the kindness, the thoughtfulness, the unselfishness, they meet in their intercourse with others. These different aspects in which different persons see the world are largely due to the eyes that look. We need to be very careful in our comments upon the things about us, for we are unconsciously revealing more of what is in ourselves than of what there is in the life we describe.

This teaching suggests also how the love of Christ in the heart changes the aspect of the experiences of life for a Christian. The young man had never seen any particular beauty in a nasturtium leaf until the joy of Christ flooded his life. Now all things were made new and the most commonplace objects became lovely. The same effect is produced in life's circumstances and experiences. What seemed hard yesterday appears easy today, for now we have Christ. If the heart is glowing with love for the Master, sorrow loses its bitterness. We are ready to endure anything for him. St. Paul could sing in a dungeon, his feet crushed in iron clamps. He had learned to find blessing and good everywhere. Some one overheard an old woman "saying grace" at her table, thanking God in glowing words for providing "all this" for her. When he entered and saw the woman's meal spread out, it was only a piece of dry bread and a cup of water. The love of Christ in her heart made it seem a feast.

This divine joy in the bosom also makes people all new. Where before was much unloveliness and much that was not agreeable, now in every one the happy Christian sees a brother to love, one in whom are the possibilities of heavenly beauty.

Loneliness of Age

The loneliness of age! How few think of this, and treat with tenderness and consideration those who have outlived their generation, and whose early companions and friends have been taken from them? Unable to engage in the activities of life, they are no longer brought in contact with sympathy with those around them, and no tie of common interest and mutual dependence binds them together. They necessarily, to a great extent, live in a world of their own, with which those around them are not familiar. The communion of their hearts are with the scenes of the past and the companions of other years who have long ago passed away.

Lover and friends have been taken from them, and their acquaintances laid in dark-